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The Milk Supply for Honolulu

Professor E. E. Porter.

The embodiment of all that is essential in fostering a needed reform in the dairy business here in Honolulu is taking place too slowly, no doubt because the consumer is not properly informed as to what he can demand for a given price. Many other cities, even of this size on the mainland, have their people supplied with the best quality of milk products at a reasonable price.

So far some very commendable efforts have been made to further the cause of pure milk in this city, but it is feared that public sentiment outside of the producer has not been what it should be. This fear is borne out by the fact that few, if any, of the consumers have attended the meetings of the supervisors when the dairymen made their objections to the provisions in the ordinance which was recently drawn up to provide the people of the city with better milk.

"Honolulu united" has accomplished much recently, and can do more. If she can secure funds within ten days to make opportunities more available for young men, what can she do, or what should she do, to give the babies and families of the city a purer and healthier quality of milk?

Those interested in pure milk should not let the holdup of the ordinance stop them. If it is the consumer's fault, let us do all we can to enlighten him. One or two men can not do all the work. The public, the laity, as well as scientists and professional men, should do as other cities have done—that is, support more heartily the work of the milk commission, the object of which, so far, has interested but few, in Honolulu. This work is to establish correct ethical standards of purity for cow's milk; to become responsible for a periodical inspection of the dairies and their products under their patronage, and to promote only professional and public interests.

Two years ago Johns Hopkins University and the physicians of the city of Baltimore led a very successful crusade for pure milk in that city. The exhibits and free lectures enlightened the people so well that the new dairy regulations were not hard to enforce. Many a consumer looked for dirt and germs he had never thought of before. More inquiries were made about the producer's product. Many visited the dairies and made a personal inspection of their milk supply. As a result of the movement for pure milk, several dirty dairymen went out of business and the diseased cattle were treated or destroyed.

The producer gives no more than the consumer demands. Of course, this demand must lie within reason and be well substantiated by facts. Just so long as the consumer does not care about the number of deleterious bacteria in a bottle of milk nor about the number of cows affected with tuberculosis in the dairy herd, so long will some producers be careless in the work of production.

The present condition of so many of the dairies about the city is very bad, and I know enough can not be said against the poor management in some places. There are some places where the first principles of good business management are overlooked. There is little hope when there is no attempt to be clean and to make the premises smell fresh and clean. I doubt very much if many men would care to spread their dinner tables in their own cow stable.

Not only should the methods of dairying be improved, but the cattle need to be improved. Anyone who has handled good cattle will be surprised at the poor quality of the cows in most of the dairy herds here. I know if good records were kept many cows would be turned out of the herd. It is true some are only heifers, but a man can not keep all heifers. A cow that does not have a big middle and a big udder should be watched and tested very closely. A head and four legs do not make a dairy cow. Form is in closer relation with function than so many dairymen in this city are able to recognize.

We all believe more attention should be given to the bacterial content of milk, not only as regards the infection from diseased cattle, but also by the infection of destroying bacteria which may come from the unsanitary conditions at the stable and during the transportation to the consumer. All dairy herds should be tested for tuberculosis by the territorial veterinarian or by some competent person, who understands the work, within six months, and all diseased cattle should be destroyed or detained for further inspection.

Dairy attendants should wear clean, washable clothing during milking operations, and the cows should receive proper grooming. No milk should be measured in the street, and bottled milk should have paraffined milk caps.

Several complaints have come to the college concerning the way that milk sours so quickly and asking what causes a rosy and stringy appearance and offensive smell to milk so soon after milking. One family reported the appearance of something red in the milk. The red growth was due to bacterial action.

Milk is a good medium for the growth of bacteria; in fact, many bacteriologists use it in the study of some kinds of germs. The reason why milk is such a good medium for germ life is because the food material in the milk is readily available to the minute organisms.

Then, again, these organisms propagate themselves fastest when the milk is warm, hence the necessity for proper cooling. To retard the growth of germs, milk must be lowered to a temperature of 45 or 50 degrees Fahrenheit, immediately after drawing. Germs grow fastest at a temperature of about 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and unless attention is given to the proper cooling of milk the consumer can not hope to get anything but poor milk.

Milk may be produced in different grades, as has been heretofore suggested—that is, according to its bacterial content. The grade which we will call good market milk should not contain any diseased bacteria and contain not more than 30,000 C. C. of the other class of bacteria. Such a standard for market milk can be easily attained by proper vigilance by the dairymen, and such will be a great benefit to the work of the Palama Settlement and to all the families with children throughout the city.

Attention has been given to the mosquito which carries disease. Now let us have more care about the dairies and not let them be germ factories from which disease is spread and unwholesome food is delivered to the families of the city.

The Kind of Man L. L. La Pierre Is

Sometimes it is not the automobile's fault. L. L. La Pierre demonstrated this yesterday when he picked himself out of the ditch where an automobile had tossed him and his bicycle and confessed that he had been on the wrong side of the road. "Take his number," advised a bystander. "Take my own number," said La Pierre. "I was dead in the wrong. Hope your machine isn't hurt, young fellow."

The chauffeur declared that no damage had been done. La Pierre took off his hat to him and the chauffeur bowed to La Pierre and that made a closed incident.

All of which goes to show that sometimes people and bicycles and hacks run into automobiles. Everyone who does it, however, is not so quick to accept the blame as the old water-fronter who turns on the water when the steamships need a supply and turns it off when that want is satisfied.

La Pierre is a favorite all along the front and it is because he is the kind of man that yesterday's spill showed him to be that he is a favorite. One of his latest accomplishments is art photography. Some people with kodaks insist on realism, but La Pierre de-



"What's this?" demanded the customs officer, pointing to a package at the bottom of the trunk. "That is a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'" answered the man who had just landed. "I guess I'll have to change you a duty on it," rejoined the inspector. "It competes with a small and struggling industry in this country."—Chicago Tribune.

Husband—Think of it! Here is a hairpin I have found in the soup! Wife—Yes! Now I know where our things have gone. A shoehorn disappeared, too!—Life.

THE BYSTANDER



De Bolt's Roast Deserved.
Temperance in Literature.
A Woman's Scheme.
Cluney's Last Whale Hunt.

Judge De Bolt very properly, in my opinion, called down the member of the Mori jury who wanted to stall on his verdict for the sake of getting "another good dinner and a night's lodging." This man, also in my humble opinion, ought to get several night's lodging at the public expense, although I would not include the good dinners. His style of grafting differs only from the general style in that it is barefaced and impudent. He took an oath to perform his duty to the public, and instead desired only to become a public charge. A tramp on the road, a begging impostor, a grafting policeman, is higher in the moral scale than he.

Yet, under our admirable jury system, what becomes of him? He is immediately put back in the jury box to sit in judgment on other people! Can the limits of the ridiculous go further?

This great country of ours, it appears to me, is lagging behind. We are keeping up an effete trial system which Great Britain is fast discarding. We are getting conservative and commencing to hold as fetishes some things simply because they are old. We still worship the majority, which has been proved wrong oftener than it has been proved right. We continue regularly to harp on the "all men are born free and equal" theory, when we know very well that all men are not born in the same plane of freedom or equality. We continue to confuse the rights of man with the wrongs of man, letting our imagination of what should be run away with our good judgment. To guard the innocent, we give the guilty every advantage, and innocence gets it in the neck.

The Japanese in the community are laughing at us, and we deserve to be laughed at so long as we allow plausible lawyers to drag silly technicalities into the cases in which they are concerned and have judgment passed on these, while letting the plain facts go. Anything more ridiculous than the spectacle our courts have presented of late is not found outside the boundaries of comic opera. Those limited by the letter of the law are not to blame, but the sooner our criminal law is wiped out and rules of squat tag adopted, the sooner justice will be found in the halls of the blind goddess.

Four barrels of what was marked "Salt Beef" were sold at auction yesterday morning at the customhouse, being bid in by the pake storekeeper whose establishment adjoins Lucas Bros. on the makai side. The barrels had laid unclaimed at the customhouse for a year, having arrived here from Vancouver with no one willing to claim them and pay the duty. They went cheap to the pake bidder, and he rolled them to his shop with a light heart and an agreeable sense of having made a good bargain.

When he pounded in the head of the first barrel, however, he began to lose confidence in his own judgment. His hunch seemed to have gone back on him. Certainly the black chunks swimming around in the barrel of grease looked little like good old salt horse. There was something fishy about the way the barrels smelt, also.

One after another of the neighbors of the pake soda water vender were called in to give expert testimony as to the contents of the barrel. Each of them poked an inquiring finger into the mess and quit. Finally Captain Cluney rolled along. Opposite the open door of the store he paused and sniffed down wind. He turned into the shop and took a deeper breath.

"Who's been killing a whale around here?" he asked.
"No catchem whale," said the Chinaman. "Me catchem salt bleef. No savvy this kind bleef. Smelllee allee same fish."

"Well, I haven't boiled down everything with fins not to know what whale smells like," said the veteran skipper. "Where have you got him?"

The Chinaman pointed to the quartet of barrels, and Captain Cluney hung over the edge of the open one and smiled. "Good old humpbacks," he gurgled.

"What for he good?" asked the pake. "How I catchem my money back?"

"Heave 'em overboard," was Cluney's cheerful answer.

They have not as yet been heaved. Anyone who wants some comparatively fresh whale blubber can get a bargain.

It takes a woman to evolve good schemes, quite frequently. One Honolulu woman has just developed a good one, something that might very well be adopted by others here for the boosting of the Islands. This woman is now sending orders to grocers in towns where she has friends on the mainland for cases of Hawaiian canned pineapples, to be delivered to her friends as Christmas gifts. No more appreciable gift could be made to mainlanders than Hawaiian pineapples, while the way she has of ordering them saves her trouble and at the same time brings a desirable Island product to the attention of the grocers. As an advertising and promotion scheme it has many a more elaborate one beaten.

Temperance has found its way into high-class literature, showing that it has reached that stage of importance on the mainland that has been claimed for it. Heretofore, to call a novel a "temperance story" was to condemn it for the general reading public, which classed temperance fiction along with such unnatural productions as "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and foolishly distorted tracts.

Robert W. Chambers, in his big story, "The Danger Mark," just finished in the Saturday Evening Post, has put temperance preaching on a big pedestal, however. Perhaps more people read his arraignment of alcohol in that story than ever read consciously any other real, straight, temperance doctrine. What Chambers does is to put these emphatic words in the mouth of a physician who has been called upon to prescribe for a drink-shattered youth on the verge of delirium. After giving the young man the usual medical advice, the physician turns upon him with these words:

"This prescription is not going to cure you. Nothing that I can give you is going to perform such a miracle unless you help yourself. You ask for plain words. I will tell you this: alcohol is poison, and it has not—and never had—in any guise whatever the slightest compensating value for internal use. It isn't a food; it's a poison. It isn't a beneficial stimulant; it's a poison. It isn't an aid to digestion; it's a poison. It isn't a life-saver; it's a life-taker. It's a parasite, forger, thief, panderer, liar, butalizer, murderer!"

HIGHEST AND BEST.

The highest culture is to speak no ill;
The best reformer is the man whose eyes
Are quick to see all beauty and all worth,
And by his own discreet, well-ordered life
Alone, reproves the erring.

When they gaze
Turns in on thine own soul, be most severe;
But when it falls upon a fellow man,
Let kindness control it, and refrain
From that belittling censure which springs forth
From common lips, like weeds from marshy soil.

—Miss Wheeler.

Lone Observer Tours Kakaako

The Lone Observer went to Kakaako, and, having been bred to believe in the theory that titles agree with the fitness of things, expected to see a number of poultry farms. However, the only poultry observed had been in cold storage seven years and was covered with an inch of green mould. A Porto Rican was cooking it for the evening meal.

In the center of Kakaako is the Mission Settlement, and all things mundane that are of a piece with Kakaako are the events of the Mission Settlement. P. W. Rider received the Lone Observer and his friend, the Sky Pilot, as curiosities.

"You ought to see Kakaako at night," said Rider. A graphic description of the place was in order, and the Lone Observer decided that he would rather witness it in the daytime. For nine years Rider, and Mrs. Rider, have been directing the work of the Mission, which is supported by the Atherton Estate, and built on ground donated by the same. There is a large room upstairs where the women and children of the neighborhood go when the men come home full of spirits. Rider said there were thirty-five nationalities in the district. It took the Lone Observer twenty-five minutes to assimilate this.

Across the way is the Jodo Mission, a Buddhist church where Haro, the priest, directs a thousand Japanese in their worship of Buddha Amitabha. But this is not Kakaako.

Kakaako is bounded on all sides by an indifference to the First Things of life and is inhabited by Human Fungi. The said fungi are evenly distributed between hotheds of various character owned by representative citizens, including Mayor Fern and Supervisor Ahia.

The Lone Observer went out of the back door of the Mission Settlement into the Magoon block, and has been cussing himself ever since. Being of an asinine mentality, he carried his notepaper and a pencil in his hand, and a Porto Rican wanted to put a knife in him because a wahine said that the Lone Observer had written his name in a book.

There are many kinds of filth in the Magoon block, some of which is bought and sold as clothing and some of which is eaten. Most of it is crawling around. For the stores on the ground floor the landlord collects from \$14 to \$20 a month. For the rooms above, he receives about two per. Hawaiians, Porto Ricans, and others constitute a menagerie which, for representative animality, outrivals the Bronx zoo.

In one of the pake families, who run a store, are eleven persons, nine children and the parents, and the eldest child is a girl of ten. There is one small living room and three beds. Everywhere children were in evidence, from a diminutive subject of the Mikado, with a carving knife big enough to split him in two, to a youthful Korean, who was dressed for a decidedly warmer climate than this, in most elaborate nothingness. No attention is paid to these future hopes of the country, quoting the simile from the speeches of the congressmen during the school tour, and if the youngsters didn't have a faculty of always getting back in the right room, each mother would probably merely take her percentage out of the general child-omel without regarding the fact that its color was on the opposite side of the scale from her own.

Just as Rider is the high sheriff of Kakaako, in his capacity as probation officer, so is Alfred Ernest Augustine Gumbs the mayor. Gumbs waved his hands around in a lordly manner that took in the entire section. "This is my territory," he said. "There is no other boss besides me this side of South street." He is right.

Opposite the Magoon block is the Kumalae block, which is not so bad because it isn't so big. Vice in Kakaako is adjudged by quantity, not quality. Makai of this latter is the old John Kanaka block, which is being torn down. This was formerly the most notorious place in the district, but its time is past. Nearer the waterfront is a three-story cracker-box that is one of the assets of Joe Fern. There are thirty-eight rooms, and he gets two dollars a month from them. Opposite is an accumulation of filth that belongs to Bill Ahia, busy in its daily avocation of smelling to heaven.

But the piece de resistance of Kakaako is the Aheong and Ahleong blocks. Port Said couldn't hold a candle to the putridness of these two hotheds of degraded life. They are populated nearly entirely by Japanese, most of whom are fishermen, and it would be safe to say that there are six hundred people living in a building two stories high and a hundred and fifty feet long. The scent is peculiar to the place, and as strong as it is original. Each room is hardly more than eight by eight, and are superimposed on each other with stairways in unexpected places, and privacy somewhere in the middle distance.

These are only a few things which literally struck the Lone Observer in Kakaako, but there are limits to human endurance. The tenements are mere shells to house mentalities somewhat lower than animals. On the last Alameda was shipped a Porto Rican who took French leave of Honolulu. In Kakaako there is a woman about to be confined, with seven children, no money, no food, no clothing, and no friends except the Mission. She is his wife; but she is in Kakaako and does not recognize the ridiculousness of her position in the age of Higher Thought. And all the time there is a grinning Plague sitting cross-legged on the rooftops and smirking at the city north of King street.

Small Talks

EDITOR KINNEY—I find I still know how to act when I get to the city.

ABRAM LEWIS, JR.—Jack Atkinson seems to be doing a Russian business.

SPEAKER HOLSTEIN—I am in favor of an annual session of the legislature.

REPRESENTATIVE AFFONSO—I am opposed to the conference bill providing for the amendment of the land laws.

J. WALTER DOYLE—Maybe you didn't like those whiskers. I thought they were pretty fine myself as long as I wore them.

REPRESENTATIVE FURTADO—I think our present land laws give the Governor and land commissioner entirely too much power.

MONTY MONTGOMERY—Clean sport, properly managed, will meet with as hearty support here in Honolulu as in any city on the mainland.

TOM BURNINGHAM—Talk about what you see when you go away from home if you wish, but let me tell you that Hawaii is a good place to come back to.

REV. A. C. MCKEEVER—If religion in Honolulu is contagious, the devil must have some fine vaccine. Church attendance is not growing in proportion to the growth of the city.

PROFESSOR DONAGHGH—I am thoroughly in favor of a scientific observation of Halley's comet from some Oahu point. Diamond Head would be a good place for a temporary observatory, but in my opinion Sisal is an ideal spot. It is seldom cloudy there, and the lights of the city would not interfere with the work.

JONATHAN WILD—With the bank merger, I would suggest that the capital of the two banks be increased, say to two million dollars or more. It would be a good thing for men who are in the market as large borrowers, because national banks are forbidden to loan to one person more than a certain percentage of their paid-up capital.

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits. "And, children," she said, impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring." "Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"—Everybody's.

"What delayed you," ask the parents of the young lady who has been out airshipping with her swain. "Did you have an accident?" "Nothing of any importance," she explains. "The propeller broke and we dropped in on some friends of Harold's."—Life.

"The Ten Commandments have never been repealed, so far as I know," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "but in these days, of course, you can't expect them to be enforced in communities where the public sentiment is against them."—Chicago Tribune.

A lad who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."—Tit-Bits.

The Agent—I don't see how you find room for complaint in this apartment. The Tenant—Nor I. There aint even room to take a deep breath.—Cleveland Leader.